

## CONSTELLATION: SAGITTA

*They dance around my toes, flashing here and there*

Last night he tempted me. Box in hand. Bowed and bright wrapped. Rushed through my lips pouting between his palms. He said don't be tempted be. Lover winding through my bones. I was content between sheets. Kicking off the first rays of sunlight squinting through blinds. Bliss in the moment in this of this. Curled on pillow bright. I test its pull between fingers. Sniff its lavender edges. Inhabit its cursed and blessed voices calling me on. Whispers from the kettle from the sink gone. Voices kicking at the space behind my tongue. Louder until the box was rioting. Ghouls spitting and squealing. Tearing down the rhymes of angels. Hesitant on clouds. Crawling out of my pillow. Lift the corner slightly. He blames me for this strange gift tying itself around my neck. Suspended from the ceiling. A noose on the world's idea of me. Named me labelled me my name. I said don't be jealous of my words. I have an unfaithful pen. It chases the hearts of many muses many times a day. We break up we make up we're making it all up. I've a galaxy of lovers in a celestial pen. I can make love to any one of them. Sense the soft ink in my thighs. Write the warm imaginings of lovers I've never met. Seduced by rhyme I lay them over the page. Run my pen across their lips. Whisper's pillows pushing at dreams. Dreams pushing at eyes. Faces curling towards lips. I dream to remember. Found you twisting in margins. Run my pen across your words. One word soft and ballooning over silence. Curled towards dreams shifting between his fingers. Tested shape between imprints. Inhabited its space its voices lifting at the edges. Rioting alphabets chase thoughts into dusty corners. Count the ways he'll blame me with a fist. Unable to resist. A million billion sparks of ebony light up the sky. Black holes sinking the page. He named me and I bend to the name. Could open the book at any page. Arrange your flames smoldering letters dissolving. Rub ashes across my cheeks to beautify the reflection. In the spoon. Before the needle goes in. A galaxy of words in a celestial spin. Kissing rays raised. Words rioting. Try to inhabit sentences into sense. Alphabets skidding around tiles. I can open this book at any page. Fan the flame.

pouting

between sheets

in

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rhymes of angels

on clouds

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